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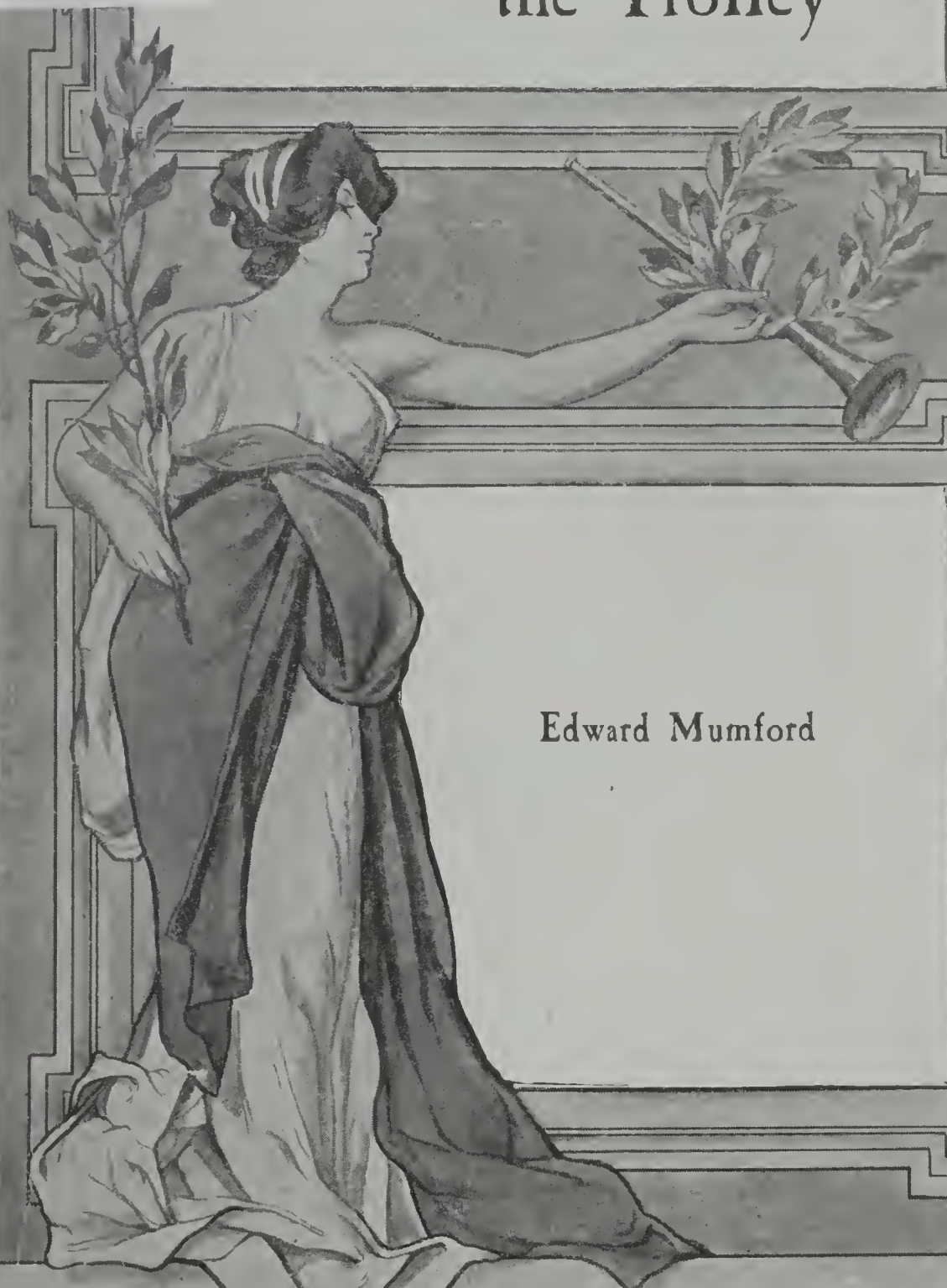
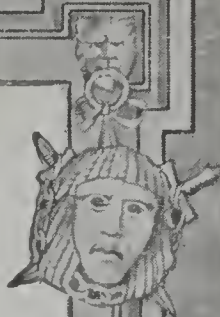
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Waiting for the Trolley



Edward Mumford

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Waiting for the Trolley

An Entertainment in One Act

BY

EDWARD MUMFORD

Author of "BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S,"
"JONES vs. JINKS," "A SQUARE DEAL," etc



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Waiting for the Trolley

CHARACTERS

TERRY O'SHEA	<i>who announces the cars.</i>
TOM SWEET	<i>who is eloping.</i>
HIRAM HOSKINS	<i>with two settin's of eggs.</i>
MR. LOVEBIRD	<i>Luella's irate father.</i>
NERVOUS GENTLEMAN	<i>with a grudge against the company.</i>
HANS PFEFFER	<i>who has plenty of time.</i>
PERCY	<i>a big responsibility.</i>
POLLY PICKLES	<i>the lunch-counter girl.</i>
MISS SHARP	<i>who is bound to make trouble.</i>
LUELLA LOVEBIRD	<i>helping Tom to elope.</i>
BETTY, }	<i>suffragettes—but they love a lover.</i>
HETTY, }	
LETTY, }	
WOMAN PASSENGER	<i>Percy's mother.</i>
STOUT OLD LADY	<i>with a grievance.</i>
OTHER PASSENGERS,	<i>male or female, young or old, as desired.</i>

TOM SWEET may double one PASSENGER and NERVOUS GENTLEMAN ; STOUT OLD LADY may double WOMAN PASSENGER ; MR. LOVEBIRD may double HANS PFEFFER and one PASSENGER. Arranged in this way the farce requires five males and six females and provides for two OTHER PASSENGERS.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour.

STORY OF THE ENTERTAINMENT

The scene is a country waiting-room, with a lunch-counter and benches. Some of the passengers, especially one Nervous Gentleman, are indignant over the poor service the trolley company gives. They are about to sign an agreement never to ride in the cars again when their car comes, and they all rush for it. Polly Pickles, the new lunch-counter girl, thinks she won't like the place. "Nothing ever happens here." Terry, the announcer, says something is sure to happen now Polly has come. Hiram Hoskins goes to sleep, misses the car and smashes his eggs. Luella Lovebird and Tom Sweet are eloping. Terry and Polly help them. "I wish it was us." Miss Sharp threatens to spoil things. Polly defies her. "I'll smash this cream-puff on your good clothes." Mr. Lovebird is hot on the trail, but Polly and Terry hide the lovers, assisted by the three suffragettes. Mr. Lovebird gets into trouble with Hiram, and has to pay for the eggs. Terry puts Mr. Lovebird on a false scent, and he dashes off to chase his daughter in an automobile. Miss Sharp disappointed. The lovers, the suffragettes and the other passengers all go out to get on the car, leaving Polly and Terry. Polly agrees that "things do happen around here," and learns Terry's first name.

COSTUMES, ETC.

TERRY. About twenty. Wears dark suit—blue if possible, and a uniform cap like that of a trolley company employee.

TOM. About twenty-five. Wears summer suit and straw hat. He carries at first entrance two rain-coats, and several large bags and boxes.

HIRAM. About fifty. Wears “countrified” clothes, chin whiskers, glasses, and large straw hat.

MR. LOVEBIRD. About sixty. Red-faced, side-whiskered, choleric, and rather stout. Wears automobile duster, cap, and goggles.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Forty or over. Thin; wears glasses, dark suit, and carries umbrella. Very precise in all his words and acts.

HANS. About fifty. “Dutch” make-up, as funny as possible.

PERCY. Should be a large young man, dressed like a boy of ten. He always whines when he talks.

POLLY. Eighteen to twenty. Dark dress and white apron. Rather short skirt. Very neat and pretty.

MISS SHARP. Over fifty. Thin and vinegary. Wears shawl and bonnet, and has quite an air of being “all dressed up.” She carries a baggy umbrella.

LUELLA. About twenty. Pretty, small, and timid. Has a very childish, appealing manner. Carries a cage with canary bird.

BETTY, HETTY, LETTY. All good-looking young women. They wear pretty summer clothes and hats, but are simply dressed. Diagonally hung from the shoulder of each is a sash with the words “Votes For Women.” Betty carries a banner with the same device.

WOMAN PASSENGER, STOUT OLD LADY, etc. These and other passengers may be costumed to suit the fancy of the actors. They should look like country people, and should carry many baskets, bundles, baggy cotton umbrellas, dogs, chickens, etc.

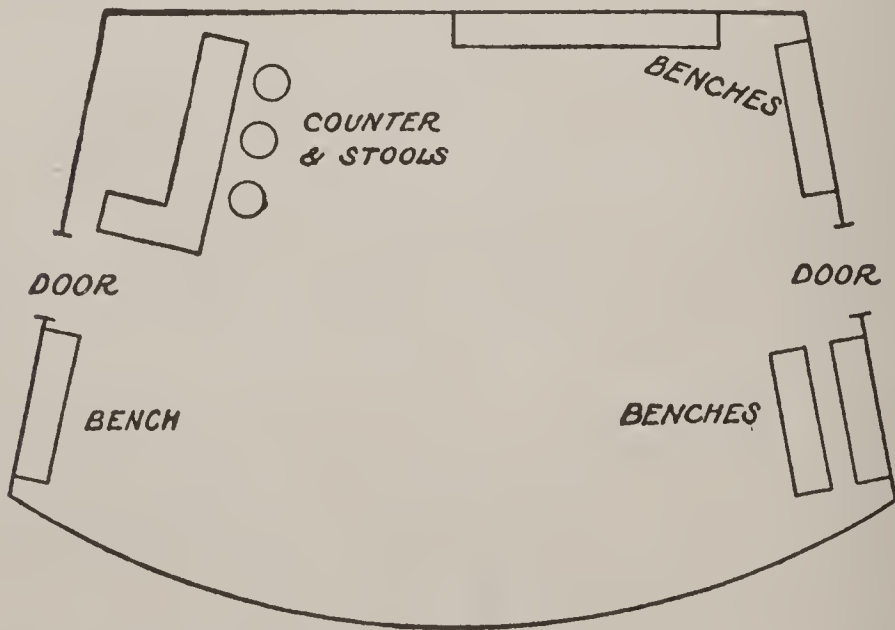
PROPERTIES

For TERRY: Money, cigarettes. For TOM: Two large hat-boxes, two rain-coats, two suit-cases, lady's umbrella. For HIRAM: Package tied with string; large silver watch. For HANS: Large sausage. For MR. LOVEBIRD: Money. For NERVOUS GENTLEMAN: Watch, paper, pencil, bag.

For POLLY: Folded newspaper, sandwich, cream-puff. For LUELLA: Canary in cage. For BETTY: Sash with words "Votes for Women," banner and badges with same words; hand-bag. For LETTY and HETTY: hand-bags, badges, sashes. For MISS SHARP: umbrella.

OTHER PROPERTIES: Placards, advertisements, timetables, fruit, sandwiches, cream-puffs, bags of peanuts, magazines, etc. Trolley gong and auto horn to be used off stage.

SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—Trolley waiting-room. Doors R. and L. Counter up R. Benches R. L. and C. Fruit, peanuts, magazines, etc., on counter. Stools in front of counter. Advertisements, placards, etc., on walls.

Waiting for the Trolley

SCENE.—*A country trolley station and waiting-room. Entrances R. and L. Up R. counter, with cream-puffs, fruit, bags of peanuts, soft drinks, sandwiches, post-cards, magazines, etc., displayed for sale. Stools in front of counter. Benches down L. and R. and up L. Time tables, placards, advertisements, etc., on the walls.*

(*Curtain discloses HIRAM HOSKINS seated on bench down L., asleep. He has a package in his lap. STOUT OLD LADY up C. NERVOUS GENTLEMAN and HANS PFEFFER down R. OTHER PASSENGERS, as many as desired, on benches R., L. and C. HANS is calmly eating a large sausage.*)

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN (*looking at watch*). Dear, dear. When is that car coming? I'll be late. I know I'll be late. (*To HANS.*) What time have you, sir?

HANS. Hey! Vot say?

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN (*watch in hand*). Have you the time?

HANS (*placidly*). Ya, I have blenty time. (*Eats.*)

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. But what time is it?

HANS (*bewildered*). Vot time it iss?

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Yes, yes. What time of day is it?

HANS. Oh! Vy didn't you say so? Vell, I guess it's morning yet, aindt it? (*Goes on eating.*)

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Bah! Idiot! (*Goes L. and speaks to HIRAM.*) Have you the time, sir? (*HIRAM nods and snores.*) Well, well, are they all asleep here? (*Looks around.*) No attendants, no clocks, no anything. It's an outrage.

STOUT OLD LADY. That it is, sir. Poor management, I say.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Poor! It's no management at

all. There's only one worse managed road in this country, and that's (*name local railroad*).

STOUT OLD LADY. Them cars is never on time.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Time! This road doesn't know the meaning of the word!

(*He looks around. OTHER PASSENGERS nod and say, "That's so," "You're right, sir," etc.*)

STOUT OLD LADY. And rickety! I'm afraid to set down in one of them cars.

OTHER PASSENGERS. You're right, ma'am. Regular old rattletrap, etc.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Well, why do we stand it?

STOUT OLD LADY. Why, indeed? I'm goin' to give 'em a piece of my mind.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. Madam, you've hit the nail on the head. Let us protest. We've stood this long enough. (*Takes out pencil and paper.*) Let's tell the president of this concern what we think of him and his travesty of a railroad. (*Writes rapidly.*) "Dear sir: We, the undersigned, all regular patrons of your road, have agreed that we will never ride on your cars again ——"

OTHER PASSENGERS. Hurray! That's the stuff, etc.

HANS. Then how I get py my beesness already?

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN (*tartly*). Walk! (*Continues to write and read.*) "Will never ride on your cars again until the ——"

(TERRY O'SHEA *appears at door L.*)

TERRY. Nine-thirty cars for all points. All-l aboard!

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN (*dashing hastily R. and grabbing bag*). My goodness! There's the car. We'll finish this some other time, friends. (*Trolley gong heard off L. Exit TERRY, L.*) Wait, wait, young man. Tell them to wait, for goodness' sake!

(*Rushes out L., followed by all but HANS, and by HIRAM, who is still asleep. OTHER PASSENGERS jam in the doorway in their hurry.*)

HANS (*slowly and calmly wrapping up sausage and putting it in pocket*). Well, I guess I got blenty time, aindt it?

(*Goes slowly out L. Trolley gong heard L. HIRAM nods and snores.*)

(*Enter POLLY PICKLES, R. She goes behind counter, arranges fruit, waves flies away, etc. She sees HIRAM.*)

POLLY. Hul-lo! Well, what do you know about that? He ought to have went in that nine-thirty car! (HIRAM still holds a package in his lap, and as his head nods lower and lower the package slips. POLLY laughs and beats time to his nods with a folded newspaper. The package slips further. POLLY, softly.) Going! (The package slips.) Going! (It slips further.) Gone!

(The package slips to the floor. HIRAM wakes and makes a futile grab for it. POLLY laughs.)

HIRAM. Great snakes! I got two settin's o' eggs in that there package.

POLLY. Well, they're scrambled now.

HIRAM. Hey? What you say? (POLLY only laughs.) Well, I don't care. (Picks up bundle very slowly.) Told Maria I didn't want to take them eggs. When's that Punkin Center car comin'?

POLLY. Ten o'clock.

HIRAM. What say? I'm a little deaf!

POLLY (shouting). Ten o'clock. The nine-thirty's just gone.

HIRAM (looking at watch). Well, by gum. Missed it, hey? Ain't that the all-firedest—— Well (sitting down), there ain't nothin' to do but wait. Half an hour, hey?

POLLY. You better not go to sleep.

HIRAM. Sleep? Why, that's so. I'll just take a little rest. Don't git much when I'm t' hum, that's a fact. (Settles himself comfortably on bench, L., and closes his eyes. POLLY goes on working, humming a tune. HIRAM lazily brushes a fly off his left ear, and in a moment blows another off his nose.) Dang them flies!

(Enter TERRY, L., briskly. He stops short on seeing POLLY.)

TERRY. Hello! Look who's here. You the new lady on the grub counter?

POLLY (tossing her head). Impudence!

TERRY (*grinning appreciatively*). Ah, there, Peaches!
(POLLY *turns her back on him*.) I said, Ah, there, Peaches!

POLLY (*freezingly*). Were you speakin' to me?

TERRY. Sure. Ain't your name Peaches?

POLLY (*shortly*). No, it ain't.

TERRY. You don't say. Well, it ought to be. It just fits you.

POLLY. Oh, indeed! Fresh! What do you want?

TERRY. Oh, gee! I don't know. How much are the sandwiches?

POLLY. Five cents.

TERRY. With or without?

POLLY. With or without what?

TERRY. With or without kisses.

POLLY. Without, smarty.

TERRY. Then I don't want one.

POLLY. All right. I'll sell you one with a kiss.

TERRY. How much?

POLLY. A quarter.

TERRY. Here you are. (*Gives quarter.*)

POLLY (*handing sandwich*). All right. There's your sandwich. Where do you want your kiss?

TERRY (*turning cheek*). Right here, please.

(POLLY *kisses her palm, then smacks him on cheek.*)

POLLY. There's your kiss.

TERRY (*surprised, then laughing*). Gee, kiddo, you're all right. But say, you kiss too hard for me, Peaches.

POLLY. Don't get fresh now, or I'll give you another one. You got any work here, or are you just loafing around looking for trouble?

TERRY (*grinning*). Aw, nix on that stuff, kiddo. I'm the announcer.

POLLY (*scornfully*). Huh! I knew if you had a job it was an easy one. What do you do to draw down a salary?

TERRY. Me? Oh, I call out the cars, and see that people don't miss 'em, and carry babies and baskets, and help old ladies with their umbrellas, and pretty girls with their baggage, and keep things movin' generally.

POLLY. Huh! I'll bet the old ladies don't get much attention when there's a pretty girl around.

TERRY. Say, honest, kid, now you're here I'm afraid I won't see nobody else all day.

POLLY. Don't you fool yourself. I'll keep you on the jump.

TERRY. I believe you. Who's your friend?

(*Grins and motions to HIRAM.*)

POLLY. Oh, him! He's waitin' for the Punkin Center car at ten o'clock. You looked after him so carefully he missed the nine-thirty.

TERRY. Aw, quit yer knockin'. (*Goes over behind HIRAM.*) Oh, well, we better get him awake for the next car, anyway. Got a piece of string, Peaches?

POLLY. Fresh! Here. (*She hands him string. TERRY ties the string to HIRAM'S package, then ties the other end firmly on HIRAM'S left ear. HIRAM makes vague motions as though driving off a fly. POLLY giggles delightedly.*) What's that for?

TERRY. Why, that's a little patent of my own. When he goes to sleep and his bundle slips it's goin' to wake him up, see?

POLLY (*laughing*). That's so. You'll catch it when he wakes up, though.

TERRY. Leave it to me, kid.

(*HIRAM nods, the package slips, and the string tightens.*

HIRAM does not open his eyes, but slaps at his ear, straightens up, pulls the package further up on his lap, and goes to sleep again. This is repeated several times during the following dialogue.)

POLLY (*admiringly*). Say, that'll keep him busy a while. You're real bright, ain't you?

TERRY. Bright! Say, on the level, I'm so bright my mother calls me her little son. Gimme a package o' them coffin nails. (*POLLY laughs and hands him box of cigarettes. He pays her, opens box, takes out cigarette, and lights it, then sits on stool at counter.*) Say, Peaches, any time you want to know my real name I'll —

(*Enter MISS SHARP, L.*)

MISS SHARP. Young man! (*TERRY is talking to POLLY and does not hear.*) Young man! Don't you hear me?

TERRY (*turning around slowly*). Ma'am! Oh, how

d'ye do, Miss Sharp? I didn't see you. My, you're all dressed up to-day. Goin' to the city?

MISS SHARP. No, I ain't. I'm goin' to Cherrytown, to my cousin's brother-in-law's weddin'! But it's none of your business where I'm goin'. You better pay attention to your job.

TERRY. Why, I am. (*Looks at POLLY.*)

MISS SHARP. No, you ain't. Why didn't you answer me when I spoke? Ain't you got good hearin'?

TERRY. No, ma'am. I was born next door to a boiler factory, an' my ears ain't been right ever since.

MISS SHARP. If you're sassin' me, young man, you'd better look out.

TERRY (*innocently*). Who, me? Oh, no, ma'am.

MISS SHARP. Well, you'd better not, that's all. When's the next car to Cherrytown?

TERRY. Ten o'clock. All the cars meets here then.

MISS SHARP. Oh, well, I guess I can set down here an' wait for it.

TERRY. Certainly, ma'am. Make yourself at home.

MISS SHARP. I will; an' I want you to know I don't take no sass from nobody.

TERRY (*to POLLY*). I guess she don't need none. (*MISS SHARP glares at them and settles herself defiantly on bench up L.*) Say, d'ye think you're goin' to like it here?

POLLY. No, I ain't. If it wasn't for the money I wouldn't stay a minute.

TERRY. Why not?

POLLY. Oh, it's so dull. Nothin' ever happens in a place like this.

TERRY. Well, let's start something.

(*HIRAM'S package slips, and he pulls it toward him, half awake, as before. TERRY sits on stool at counter, and reaches for POLLY'S hand, which is on the counter.*)

POLLY. Here, you quit that!

(*Pulls away her hand. MISS SHARP looks at them suspiciously.*)

TERRY. Aw, say, kiddo, tell me your name. I'm crazy about you.

POLLY. You're crazy, all right. (*He reaches for her hand again.*) Stop that!

(*Enter TOM SWEET, R., beckoning off R. He carries two large hat boxes, two rain-coats, and a lady's umbrella.*)

TOM. Come on, dearest. (*Enter timidly R., LUELLA LOVEBIRD, carrying a canary in a cage.*) Now, don't be nervous, sweetheart. Sit right down here. (*Seats LUELLA on bench down R.*) Don't be nervous. I'll get the bags.

(*He puts the boxes on the floor at her right side, and goes out R. LUELLA looks around timidly. Reënter TOM, R., with two suit-cases, which he deposits on bench R., then sits beside LUELLA.*)

LUELLA. Oh, Tom, I'm so frightened. If father should catch us.

TOM. Now never mind your father. You leave your father to me. I'll handle your father.

LUELLA. Oh, Tom, that's it. You're so brave. If he comes (*looking around nervously*) I know you'll do something awful. Promise me you won't do anything awful, darling?

TOM (*defiantly*). Well, let him try to stop us, that's all.

LUELLA. But he'll make an awful scene, and if it all gets in the papers I shall simply die.

TOM. Oh, no, you won't. But there isn't going to be any scene. I tell you not a soul suspects us—not a soul.

LUELLA. But somebody may see us and tell him we're eloping.

TOM. Now, my love, how could anybody suspect we're eloping?

LUELLA. Yes, that's so. How could they? There's the canary bird. Nobody ever carries a canary bird when she elopes, does she?

TOM. Certainly not. Don't worry. Now (*rising*) there's a few minutes before the car comes, and I've got to run across the street and telephone.

LUELLA (*in alarm*). Telephone! Oh, where—not to father?

TOM. Certainly not. To the minister in the city. I want to be sure he'll be waiting for us.

LUELLA. Oh, must you? Well—don't be long, will you?

(*Looks about nervously.*)

TOM. No, dearest. (*Goes L.*)

LUELLA. And oh, Tom!

TOM (*coming back*). What, my darling?

LUELLA. You won't miss the car, will you?

TOM. Oh, no. Now brace up, Luella. I'll be back in a jiffy.

(*Exit TOM, L. MISS SHARP looks after him disapprovingly. TERRY and POLLY laugh and nod at LUELLA.*)

TERRY. Say, Peaches!

POLLY. What?

TERRY. I wish that was you an' me.

POLLY. Well, of all the nerve! And you don't even know my name.

TERRY (*boldly*). I don't care. Ain't my name enough for both of us?

POLLY. Quit your kiddin'—I—say—well, what do you know about that? (*Points off L.*)

(*Enter L., BETTY, LETTY and HETTY, the three Suffragettes. They wear broad sashes from right shoulder to left hip, bearing the words, "Votes for Women," and BETTY carries a banner with the same motto.*)

BETTY }
LETTY } (*loudly*). Votes for Women!
HETTY }

TERRY (*on stool in front of counter*). Hurray!

BETTY (*beaming on him*). Oh, are you for the Cause?

TERRY (*turning and winking at POLLY*). Sure. Me for the ladies every time.

(*BETTY crosses to R.*)

BETTY. Oh, isn't that nice! Then you must have a badge. Of course you're going down to the great convention at the city to-day?

(*She takes from her bag a large badge with "Votes for Women" on it, and pins it on his coat. LETTY and HETTY talk to MISS SHARP.*)

TERRY. Oh, no, ma'am. I work here.

BETTY. Oh, then you can tell everybody about it and urge them to come, can't you? (*To POLLY.*) Why aren't you wearing a badge?

POLLY. Me? Oh, I'm not a suffragette.

(*LETTY offers MISS SHARP a badge, but MISS SHARP refuses it.*)

BETTY (*fervently*). Oh, my dear, not yet enrolled in the glorious cause of freedom? Now, let me explain to you —

(*BETTY moves around back of counter and buttonholes POLLY. TERRY slips down L. and pins his badge on HIRAM, who is asleep, and then crosses R. winking at LUELLA, who is properly shocked. Exit TERRY, R.*)

(*Enter L. several woman passengers. HETTY rushes to one of them and commences conversation. Another, leading PERCY, goes up to counter.*)

WOMAN PASSENGER. When's that next car? (*PERCY pulls her dress.*) Hush up, Percy.

POLLY. Ten o'clock.

PERCY. Ma-a, I want one of them apples.

WOMAN PASSENGER. No, you don't, neither. You don't want nothin' but a good shakin'! There!

(*She pushes PERCY down in seat, and seats herself.*)

PERCY (*loudly*). Ma-a, what's them women got on? Are they soldiers?

LETTY (*loudly*). Yes, we are soldiers in the glorious cause of Woman. As I was just saying to this lady —

MISS SHARP (*loudly to LETTY, who has been arguing with her*). Don't bring me into it. I ain't got no patience with it.

LETTY. But surely you believe in Justice?

MISS SHARP (*snappily*). Yes, I do, but I don't go around yellin' for it!

(*LETTY and HETTY sigh and shake their heads as though giving her up for a bad job. Then they move down R. to LUELLA.*)

HETTY (*to LUELLA*). Oh, of course you are one of us?

LETTY. You're for Votes for Women, I'm sure.

LUELLA (*looking up at them timidly*). Why, really, I don't know. I ——

HETTY. Don't know! You must know!

(*Takes out badge.*)

LETTY. Are you a woman? You ought to be on your way to the great convention. Are you?

LUELLA (*nervously*). Oh—really—I—you must excuse me. You see, I don't know whether Tom would approve of ——

BETTY (*suddenly leaving POLLY and coming down R. ; standing at LUELLA'S left side*). What's that? Say it again.

LUELLA (*frightened*). Why—I only said that Tom might not like it if I ——

BETTY. Tom!

LETTY. Who's Tom?

HETTY. A mere man!

BETTY. My dear young lady, you don't know that the world moves. No real woman nowadays waits for a man to tell her what to do. She tells him first.

LETTY. And then he's glad to follow.

BETTY (*excitedly*). Why, look at that dear old gentleman over there. (*Points to HIRAM.*) Observe his badge. This morning some noble, glorious, free woman pinned it on him, and he is proud, yes, proud, to wear it for her sake. (*HIRAM snores, and POLLY giggles.*) Now, are you coming to that convention or not?

LUELLA (*rising*). Really, you must excuse me. If Tom should come —— Oh, there he is! Oh, Tom!

(*Enter TOM, L. He comes down C. BETTY, LETTY and HETTY rush at him shrieking.*)

BETTY. Why, Tom Sweet! Of all things!

LETTY. Goodness gracious, Tom, where are you going?

HETTY. Well, upon my word. Are you her Tom?

(*Points to LUELLA.*)

TOM. Great Scott, girls, this is a surprise. Yes, I'm her Tom. (*To LUELLA.*) Three old friends of mine, Luella. (*To girls.*) Miss Luella Lovebird.

BETTY. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. And let me tell you, we have known Tom Sweet since ——

LETTY. Since he was knee high to a grasshopper.

HETTY. And you needn't be one mite afraid of him.

TOM. She isn't.

BETTY. She is. She's scared to death of you.

HETTY. She won't move a finger unless you say so.

LUELLA (*indignant*). Why, the idea!

BETTY. Well, then, defy him and come along to the convention. We promised we'd bring at least one convert, and ——

LUELLA. Oh, Tom, tell them—I can't do it.

LETTY (*scornfully*). Tom, indeed!

TOM. Really, girls, she can't. We—we have a most urgent engagement in the city, and ——

HETTY. What can be more urgent than her public duty to her sex?

BETTY } (*loudly*). Votes for Women!

LETTY }

TOM (*suddenly*). Girls, look here, can you keep a secret?

BETTY. Can we! Try us.

TOM. Well, there's time before the car comes for a sundae apiece at the drug store across the street. I've got something to tell you. Come on, all of you.

LUELLA. I don't want any sundae. I can't eat a thing. I'm going to stay right here.

TOM. All right. We'll be gone only a few minutes. The girls can help us, dearest.

LUELLA (*resigned*). All right. But please hurry.

TOM. We'll be right back, my love.

(*Exeunt TOM, BETTY, LETTY and HETTY, L.*)

PERCY. Ma-a, is all them women that man's wives?

WOMAN PASSENGER. Good gracious, no, Percy.

PERCY. But, ma-a-a ——

WOMAN PASSENGER. You hush up, Percy.

MISS SHARP. I don't wonder the child asks, ma'am. Such impudent carryings-on I never did see. Hussies!

(*Enter TERRY, R.*)

TERRY (*to POLLY*). Say, them two's elopin', Peaches!

POLLY. Ain't I got two eyes?

TERRY. No, you haven't. They're a pair of diamonds.

POLLY. Silly!

TERRY. But say—her old man's after 'em.

POLLY. Yes. But he won't catch 'em.

TERRY. Won't he, though? Jimmy Sullivan, over to the hotel, told me the old man's been askin' on the 'phone whether anybody seen 'em, an' he's on the way now in an auto. He'll be here any minute.

POLLY. Oh, my goodness. Why didn't you say so at once? (*She runs down to LUELLA.*) Say, miss, excuse me, but I guess you'd better not stay here.

LUELLA (*frightened*). Oh, what do you mean?

POLLY. Why, I just heard your father's comin' in an auto, an'——

LUELLA (*jumping up*). Oh, mercy! Where's Tom? Get Tom, somebody. Oh, dear, what shall I do? Where shall I go? Oh, please get Tom.

TERRY (*coming down*). Now, that's all right, miss. You leave it to us. We'll get you off all right, won't we, Peaches?

POLLY. Sure. (*To TERRY.*) Here, put all her things behind the counter. Quick!

TERRY. Sure. That's the ticket.

(*Takes boxes, bags, etc., up R. and puts them behind the counter.*)

POLLY. Come on, now! (*She pulls LUELLA up R. and pushes her down behind the counter.*) Get down out of sight, miss.

LUELLA (*bobbing up again*). But Tom! He'll catch Tom!

TERRY. No, he won't. I'll take care of Tom.

POLLY (*pulling LUELLA down*). We'll take care of everything, miss. You just keep out of sight. Nobody here's goin' to give you away.

MISS SHARP. Oh, ain't they, though?

POLLY. No, they ain't. Not if they know what's good for 'em. (*To TERRY.*) Go on! What are you standing there for, you ninny? Go tell the young man, an' get back here quick. That woman's goin' to make trouble if she can. (*Motions toward MISS SHARP.*)

TERRY. Say, you're all right, Peaches. I'm on.

(Exit TERRY, L., hastily. POLLY comes from behind counter and looks out door L.)

POLLY. Oh, mercy me! Here he comes.

(Rushes up behind counter and begins to nonchalantly arrange the things on it. An auto horn heard far off, then nearer.)

MISS SHARP. Well, pretty doin's, I must say, for a respectable place. I'm goin' to tell that young woman's father the minute he comes in.

(POLLY picks up cream-puff from counter and crosses to MISS SHARP.)

POLLY. Look here. Did you say you're goin' to a weddin'?

MISS SHARP. Yes, I did. But first I'm goin' to tell——

POLLY (*interrupting*). Well, I ain't goin' to any weddin', but I'm goin' to help one along. And you better not try to stop it, either.

MISS SHARP. Oh, indeed, miss! What will you do?

POLLY (*showing cream-puff*). I'll smash this cream-puff all over your good clothes; that's what I'll do. Just by accident.

MISS SHARP (*furious*). You wouldn't dast!

POLLY. Wouldn't I? You just start to tell—and you'll see!

WOMAN PASSENGER (*to POLLY*). That's right, miss. Me an' Percy'll help you.

MISS SHARP (*gasping with rage*). Well, of all the impudence!

(Auto horn heard very near.)

POLLY. There he comes. Now mind.

(She retreats up R. to front of counter.)

MR. LOVEBIRD (*heard off L.*). We've got 'em now, all right. You wait right there, Jones. (*Rushes in L.*) Where is she? And where is that scoundrel that brought her here? She's here. I know she's here!

(He looks all around the room, stopping C.)

MISS SHARP (L.). Yes, sir. If you'll look ——
POLLY (R., *behind* MR. LOVEBIRD, *holding up cream-puff threateningly*). A-hem !

(MISS SHARP *glares at her and steps nearer* MR. LOVEBIRD.)

MISS SHARP. Your daughter's right there.

(*Points to counter with her umbrella.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD (*looking around*). Where? Where?

(POLLY *comes down R. and takes* MR. LOVEBIRD *by the arm.*)

POLLY (*in low tone to* MR. LOVEBIRD). Excuse me, sir. Don't pay any attention to her. She's crazy.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*to* POLLY, *after a quick look at* MISS SHARP). Bless me, you don't say !

POLLY. Yes, poor thing. She don't know what she's sayin'.

MISS SHARP. If you want your daughter you'll find her ——

POLLY (*to* MR. LOVEBIRD). Too bad. Crazy as a loon. We've had an awful time with her here this morning.

MISS SHARP (*coming down to* MR. LOVEBIRD *and seizing him by the arm*). Now, you listen to me. They've got your daughter hid, and ——

(TERRY, BETTY and LETTY *rush in L. They run down to* MISS SHARP *and crowd around her, shouting.*)

TERRY. Your car's coming, Miss Sharp. Hurry, now, if you don't want to get left !

BETTY. Yes, hurry ! Here, let me help you.

LETTY. Come on ; not a moment to lose. Come on.

HETTY (*appearing at door L.*). Car for Cherrytown ! All aboard !

(TERRY, BETTY and LETTY *shove* MISS SHARP *toward door L.*)

MISS SHARP (*wildly waving her umbrella and shouting*). 'Tain't, neither ! I won't. I'm goin' to tell this gentleman all about it. Lemme go, I say. Lem-me go !

(They hustle her out the door L., and her voice is heard protesting outside.)

PERCY. Ma-a! Is them policeladies?

MR. LOVEBIRD. Bless my soul. That's what I want to know. Who are those people?

POLLY. Why, that's her keeper, and three nurses from the asylum. They got here just in time. She was goin' to put your eye out with that umbrella.

MR. LOVEBIRD. My, my! What a narrow escape! I thank you for warning me. Now, young lady, I want you to help me again. I'm looking for my daughter. She's eloping with a young scoundrel, and I'm told they came in here a few minutes ago. Where are they?

POLLY. Came here? You don't say!

MR. LOVEBIRD. Yes, I do say, and I'm going to stop them. Did they get on a car?

POLLY. Oh, no, sir. Last car went at nine-thirty.

MR. LOVEBIRD. Well, did you see them?

POLLY. Well, now, I've been so busy, and so many have been in and out, I might have seen them and not noticed. You might ask that old gentleman.

(Points to HIRAM. MR. LOVEBIRD goes L. to HIRAM and shakes him. POLLY goes up to counter laughing.)

MR. LOVEBIRD. Hey, wake up!

(HIRAM wakes slowly, then suddenly springs to his feet.)

HIRAM. Car comin'?—Gol ding it, what's on my ear?
(The package that TERRY has tied to HIRAM's ear swings by its string. HIRAM whirls around and the package hits MR. LOVEBIRD.) Leggo my ear, dad burn it! Leggo my ear! *(He claws wildly at the string, and it comes off. HIRAM, string in hand, advances savagely to MR. LOVEBIRD. POLLY watches them, laughing.)* D'you tie that to my ear?

MR. LOVEBIRD. No, I wasn't near you.

HIRAM. Can't hear me, hey? *(Shouts.)* Well, I'll make ye hear me.

(He grabs MR. LOVEBIRD and belabors him with the package. MR. LOVEBIRD tries frantically to escape.)

(Enter TERRY, L.)

MR. LOVEBIRD. Stop this! You've got the wrong person! I didn't do it. Stop!

(TERRY, *unseen by MR. LOVEBIRD and HIRAM, takes LUELLA'S boxes, etc., out door R. LUELLA'S frightened face appears over counter. POLLY is trying to comfort her.*)

HIRAM (*suddenly pausing and looking ruefully at his package*). By guin! They was two settin's o' Plymouth Rock eggs in that there package.

POLLY (*to LUELLA*). Now, come on. You slip outside till he's gone!

(*Exeunt POLLY and LUELLA quietly, L.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD (*to HIRAM*). I'm sorry about the eggs. All a mistake.

HIRAM. Hey! What's that?

MR. LOVEBIRD (*shouting*). I said I'm sorry. It's all a mistake.

HIRAM (*indignant*). Mistake, hey! Tyin' that string on my ear wa'n't no mistake. Somebody done that on purpose, an' I'll ——

MR. LOVEBIRD (*shouting*). Look here. I'll pay for the eggs if you'll help me find my daughter.

HIRAM. If I think you'd orter! Of course I think you'd orter. Didn't ye make me break 'em? Two settin's of the finest Plymouth ——

MR. LOVEBIRD. I'm looking for my daughter!

HIRAM (*still holding MR. LOVEBIRD firmly by the arm*). Oh, your daughter done it. Well, I'd hate to arrest a gal, but, by heck, I'll have the law ——

MR. LOVEBIRD (*shouting*). No, no. I'm looking—for —my—daughter.

HIRAM. Oh, why didn't ye say so? So'm I. An' when I find her ——

MR. LOVEBIRD (*shouting*). She's eloped—with a scoundrel named Sweet—Tom Sweet.

HIRAM. 'Tom Sweet? No ye don't. He wasn't mixed up in this. Ye can't put it off on a fine young feller like him.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*shouting*). Oh, then you know Tom Sweet?

HIRAM. Know him! Course I know him. Smartest young lawyer around these parts.

MR. LOVEBIRD. Have you seen him here to-day?

HIRAM. No, I ain't. But if ye don't pay up now ye'll see him right quick.

MR. LOVEBIRD. Good gracious, this old idiot is making me lose valuable time. (*To HIRAM.*) Well, how much is it?

HIRAM. Now ye're talkin' sense. Le'see. About ninety cents an' the car fare, an' my time's wuth suthin', too. We'll call it two dollars.

MR. LOVEBIRD. You old thief!

HIRAM. Cheap! Of course it's cheap. But I don't want no fuss.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*handing HIRAM money*). Here you are. Now let me go.

HIRAM. All right. Here's your eggs.

(*Hands MR. LOVEBIRD package.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD. I don't want your eggs.

(*Throws package violently over to L.*)

HIRAM (*going over to L., and picking up package*). Well, if ye don't want 'em, I'll take 'em along. Mebbe some of 'em's good yet.

(*Sits on bench L., examines package, and finally during following dialogue, falls asleep again.*)

(*Enter POLLY and TERRY, R. They go up R., to counter, POLLY passing behind it, while TERRY sits on stool, whistling cheerfully.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD (*up C.*). Well, that was a pretty mess you got me into.

POLLY. Who, me?

MR. LOVEBIRD. Yes, you; both of you. There's something crooked here. You're hiding my daughter. I know it.

(*Enter MISS SHARP, L.*)

TERRY. Your daughter! What do you mean? There's no one hidden here.

MISS SHARP. Yes, there is. They're foolin' you, but they can't fool me.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*nervously*). She said you're crazy.

MISS SHARP. I know what she said. And what she did, too, and she'll suffer for it. You just look behind that counter.

MR. LOVEBIRD. H'm, behind the counter, eh? I knew there was something queer here.

MISS SHARP. Queer? I should say so. Your daughter's hidin' there. I seen her.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*threateningly to TERRY*). Stand aside and let me look or I'll call an officer.

TERRY (*innocently*). Oh, go as far as you like. It ain't nothin' to me.

(*He strolls nonchalantly down L., whistling. MR. LOVEBIRD darts eagerly around behind the counter.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD. Now, Luella, come out of there at —— (*He stops suddenly, dazed.*) She's not there!

MISS SHARP. She was. I seen her, I tell you.

POLLY (*shaking her head sadly*). Too bad, ain't it? I told you she was crazy.

MISS SHARP. Crazy! Crazy! I'll show you who's crazy. I'm goin' to git the law on you if it takes my last cent. Crazy, hey?

(*Exit L., angrily.*)

MR. LOVEBIRD (C.). Well, there's certainly something queer about it. They must have come here. (*To TERRY.*) You saw them here, didn't you?

TERRY. Not on your life. No, sirree! (*He suddenly notices that POLLY is violently signaling him to say "yes."*) Er—that is—your daughter's kind of elderly, an'—an' stout, ain't she?

MR. LOVEBIRD. No, sir. She is not. She's slender, and she's only twenty, and she's eloped.

(*POLLY signals again.*)

TERRY (*a great light seeming to burst on him*). Oh-h! A very good-lookin' young lady, with er—a canary bird?

MR. LOVEBIRD. That's the one—that's the one! You

saw her? Which way did she go? Come, I'll make it worth your while.

TERRY (*looking at POLLY helplessly*). Well, now really, you see, I'm in an' out so much, an' what with so many different cars comin' an' goin', as you might say—that —

POLLY. He means that the auto might have come and gone without his seeing it.

MR. LOVEBIRD. An auto! They went in an auto?

POLLY. Well, they were here. She was settin' right there on that bench (*pointing to bench R.*), weren't they?

(*To* TERRY.)

TERRY. Uh-huh. That's right. Sure they were. I remember 'em. He had her head on his shoulder, an' he sez to her, "Darlin'," he sez —

MR. LOVEBIRD. Never mind what he said. (*To* POLLY.) And they went away in an automobile?

POLLY. Well, I was goin' to say, only a minute or so before you came in, I heard an auto come up right outside, didn't I? (*To* TERRY.)

TERRY. Sure you did. Horn was goin' to beat the band.

MR. LOVEBIRD (*impatiently*). Yes, yes, and they went away in it.

POLLY. Well, they certainly went away. When I looked around later they were gone.

MR. LOVEBIRD. Gone! Gone! And I almost had him. Oh, the scoundrel! Which way did they go?

POLLY. Well, I did hear them say something about the city, didn't you? (*To* TERRY.)

TERRY. Did I? He was squeezing her like a potato masher, an' he sez, "Darling," he sez, "your old man'll never ketch us," he sez, "an' when we get to the city," he sez —

MR. LOVEBIRD. That's enough. (*To* POLLY.) You're a fine, clever girl, my dear. Here! (*He hands her money.*) I'll catch 'em yet. The scoundrel! I'll stop him if I break every speed law in the State. (*He rushes out L.*)

PERCY (*looking L.*). Ma-a! Where's that man with the funny whiskers goin'? (*Auto horn heard L.*)

WOMAN PASSENGER. He's goin' to get left, Percy.

OTHER PASSENGERS (*laughing*). That's right. He's fooled, all right, etc.

POLLY (*dancing around and waving a bill*). Five dollars! And we saved 'em after 'all. Hurray!

TERRY (*catching her hand and dancing around with her*). Hurray! Now let's get 'em back. Their car's about due.

HIRAM (*waking up*). Car comin'?

TERRY. You bet you. Keep awake one minute more, and you're all right.

(*Exit, L.*)

(POLLY *rushes to door R., and brings in LUELLA, then drags in her boxes, etc.*)

POLLY. Come on. It's all right! He's gone!

LUELLA. Oh, and he didn't find Tom?

POLLY. Not yet. But he's after him at fifty miles an hour.

LUELLA. Oh, mercy! Has Tom gone?

(*Enter TOM hastily, L., followed by the three Suffragettes.*)

TOM. Gone! Not much, sweetheart. Our good friends here helped us out. (*He takes LUELLA in his arms C.*)

PERCY. Oh, ma-a! That man's a-bitin' that there lady's cheek!

WOMAN PASSENGER. You hush up, Percy. (*All laugh.*)

BETTY (*laughing*). And the Cause! You're going to be for our side after this?

TOM. Am I? (*Holds up his hand and shouts.*) Votes for Women! Luella, if you want to be a Suffragette, go as far as you like—after we're married.

LUELLA. Oh, dear, we won't ever be married if that car doesn't come.

(TERRY *appears at door L.*)

TERRY. Car for the city. All aboard.

(*A trolley gong heard off L. WOMAN PASSENGER, PERCY, and OTHER PASSENGERS exeunt L.*)

HIRAM. Hey—that my car?

TERRY. Sure. Come on. Cars for the city, Punkinville, Cherrytown, every old place. Come on.

(HIRAM *goes out L.*)

BETTY. Come on, girls. Let's help them on.

(Each of the girls takes a bag or a box and goes out L.)

LUELLA *(to POLLY)*. Oh, I don't know how to thank you!

POLLY. Don't do it now. Come back when you're safely married.

TOM. We will. Good-bye.

(LUELLA and TOM hastily shake hands with POLLY. TOM carries coats and umbrella.)

POLLY *(shoving TOM and LUELLA L.)*. Oh, hurry, you'll miss it after all. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye. *(Exeunt TOM and LUELLA, L. POLLY stands in door L., looking off and waving her hand. A trolley gong heard off L. POLLY waves once more, then comes down C., and sighs happily. Enter TERRY quietly, L.)* Oh, gee. Ain't they happy, though? I wish it was me.

TERRY *(coming down and putting his arm around her)*. You mean you wish it was us.

POLLY *(making a pretense of struggling)*. I don't. Impudence. My gracious, how strong you are.

TERRY. You bet I am—strong for you, Peaches. Say, goin' to like this place?

POLLY. Well, I take it back about nothing happening here.

TERRY. Well, something more's goin' to happen soon.

POLLY *(smiling up at him)*. Say—what's your real name, anyway?

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